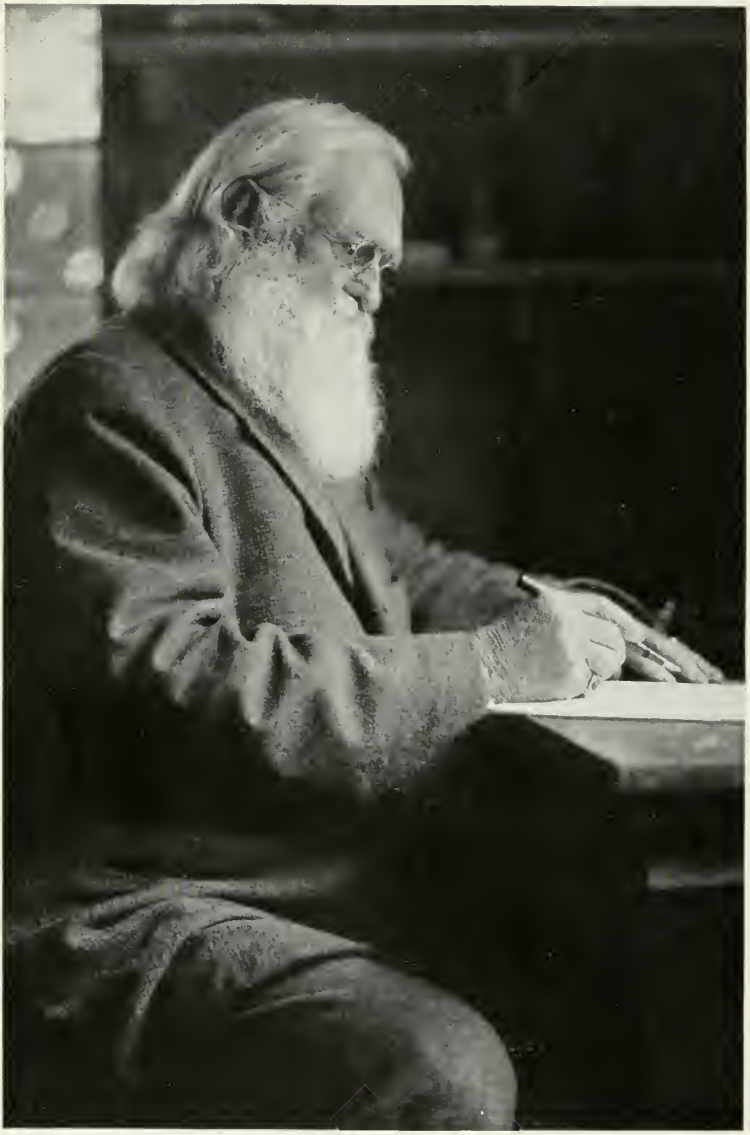
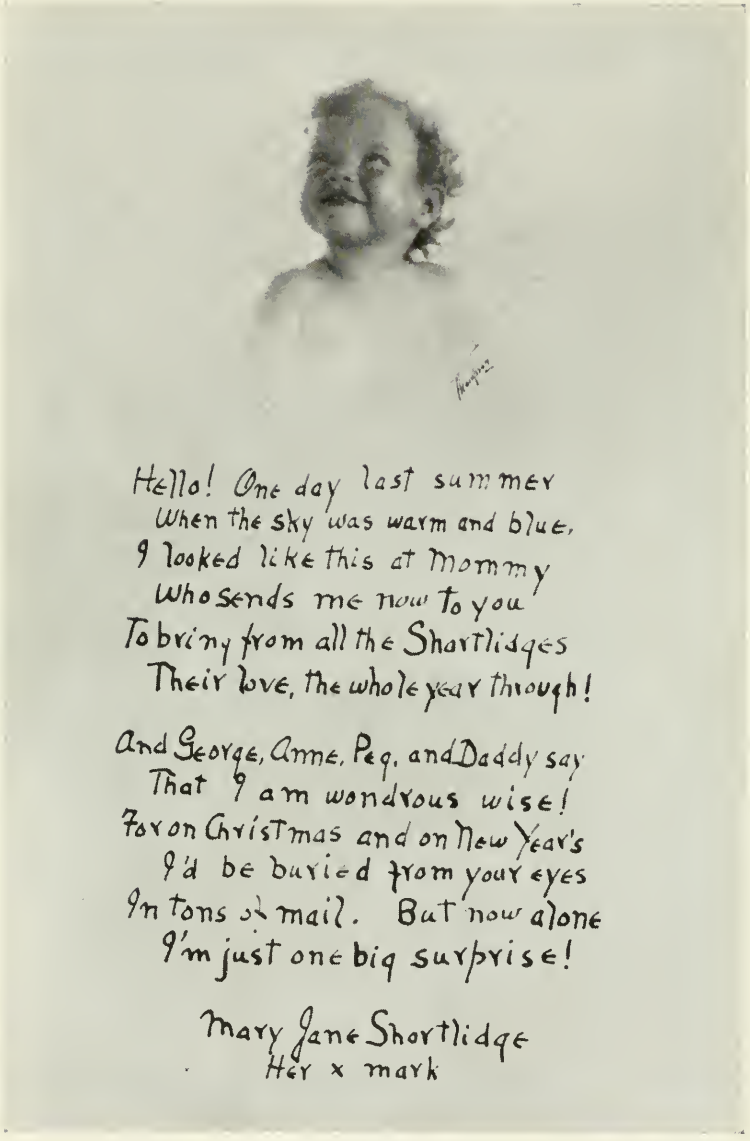
Secretary's Report
Class of 1866
Harvard College
1927



Swithin Chandler Shortlidge

Born June 8, 1840

Our maximus senectute



Hello! One day last summer
When the sky was warm and blue,
I looked like this at Mommy
Who sends me now to you
To bring from all the Shortlidges
Their love, the whole year through!

And George, Anne, Peg, and Daddy say
That I am wondrous wise!
For on Christmas and on New Year's
I'd be buried from your eyes
In tons of mail. But now alone
I'm just one big surprise!

Mary Jane Shortlidge
Her x mark

SHORTLIDGE'S YOUNGEST GRANDCHILD
Born June 22, 1925

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

SECRETARY'S REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1866

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1927

BOSTON

Printed for the use of the Class

1927

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CLASS COMMITTEE

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON, *Class Secretary*
JOHN DAVIS WILLIAMS

The Secretary's address is 70 State Street, Boston, Mass.

THOMAS TODD CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

70 State Street,
Boston, June, 1927.

Dear Classmates:—

Our Sixty-first Anniversary is at hand, and here is your little Yearbook.

Since last Commencement we have lost Haskins, Underwood and Blair. *Requiescant in pace!*

I hope you will not think the book is over-illustrated or over-supplemented. I had all the material on hand, and our old friend Herrick says, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." The pictures speak for themselves, except that you will be interested to know that young David Haskins in his picture is in the court suit worn at the Hague, 1830, by his great-grandfather, Oliver Stuart Daveis. The coat is of blue broadcloth with eagles on brass buttons. The waistcoat and breeches are both of white broadcloth. The inner vest is a beautiful silk.

Fenno is the only survivor of the five of our Class in the Harvard Crew of '66.

I thought that perhaps you might take some interest in the two articles from the *Advocate* of June, 1866. The identities of "B" and "Sixty-six" will probably be forever hidden, unless the writers are still living and are willing to make confession.

Please notify me of any errors of commission or omission in the book. I think I have already expressed to you my regret that the names of Fenno and Underwood were omitted in the list I gave of those who attended the 60th Anniversary Dinner.

And now let me wish each and every one of you all health and happiness for the coming year.

Yours affectionately,

Charles E. Stratton,
Class Secretary.

ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS

Samuel A. B. Abbott (Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy), or Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Alexander D. Dunbar, 808 Hudson Avenue, Peekskill, N. Y.

Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass.

Edward N. Fenno, 87 Milk Street, Boston.

George A. Flagg, 12 Ashburton Place, Boston, or Holliston, Mass.

Thomas S. Perry, 312 Marlborough Street, Boston, or Hancock, N. H.

Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 18th Street, Lowell, Mass.

Swithin C. Shortlidge, Wallingford, Conn.

Moorfield Storey, 53 State Street, Boston.

Charles E. Stratton, 70 State Street, Boston.

Thomas W. Ward, 231A Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 12 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.

John D. Williams, 148 State Street, Boston, or 1180 Beacon Street, Brookline.

John V. Apthorp, 88 Tremont Street, Boston.

J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, or Milton, Mass.

Charles Ouellet, Hebertville, Lake St. John, Quebec.

Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., 41 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

RECORD OF THE CLASS

SAMUEL APPLETON BROWNE ABBOTT. Born March 6, 1846.

He writes: "I wish I could say something for your booklet, but it is difficult to blow up the embers of life into a blaze, especially when the embers are embers of such a sluggish being, and have always been. My only adventure this year has been with my four months' struggle to get my chauffeur off the premises, but I have the satisfaction of having conquered, and that without a concession, and without the help of the Italian Courts. But such adventures are not interesting to any one but the sufferers. If by chance I am not able to carry my affectionate salutations to my '*morituri te salutant*' survivors of the immortal band of '66, I do the next best thing, and I send them."

*HENRY GORHAM BLAIR was born November 12, 1843, in Waterville, Maine, the son of William Henry and Elizabeth Briggs (Gorham) Blair. He fitted for College at the Framingham, Mass., High School, and entered Harvard as a Freshman in 1862. After graduating he went to New York and engaged in business, but shortly after moved to Omaha, Nebraska. There he remained in business till 1876, and then he entered the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army, from which he retired in 1905. He continued to live in Omaha till 1884, then in Philadelphia till about the time of his retirement from the United States Service, when he went to Chicago to live.

Preceding our Fortieth Anniversary he wrote the Secretary, "I enclose a photograph as you request. You will observe that I am fully as handsome as you would expect from the rich promise of my college days. However, if the 'fatal gift of beauty' has been denied me by a kind Providence, I trust that you will not think the less of me for that. My mustache is white, but my hair—what there is left of it—still keeps its original color, and I am still as 'lank and lean' as in the old days of forty years ago. I expect to go to my son in Chicago, who is all that is left of my family, and pass the remainder of my days with him, and watch my two grandsons grow up, and

perhaps the name of Blair may once more appear in the Harvard catalogue."

The last three years of his life he spent at Rensselaer, Indiana. Last June he wrote, "Your circular of May 3rd received, and am sorry to say that I will be unable to be with you at Commencement. I have nothing of interest to report about myself, except that I am still on earth and nearing my 83rd birthday. My health is fair for my age and I spend much of my time in reading, for my eyes are in pretty good condition, for which I am duly thankful." He died at Rensselaer, January 1st, 1927, after a very short illness.

He was married at Framingham, November 29, 1867, to Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Cyrus Blake. She died March 6, 1900. They are survived by a son, Edward Blake Blair, of Chicago, and two grandsons.

The Class will be interested in this extract from a letter to Mr. Edward Blair from the Rensselaer Public Library:

"I want very much to tell you how much I regret the passing of Mr. Blair. He became so much a part of our library life while he was in Rensselaer, that we can scarcely adjust ourselves to the necessity of 'carrying on' without him, and I assure you that he was an inspiration in his depth of thought and wonderful character, besides being such a help in his wise selection of books which are worth while. I doubt if ever we shall have another patron who will so help to raise our standard of circulation, as he read the best to be had, always. I wish there might have been something I could have done for him, but, after he was unable to read, our services seem to have been needless."

ALEXANDER DONLEY DUNBAR. Born March 21, 1846.

He writes: "There is little in my quiet life to interest, amuse or instruct our classmates, but here are my greeting and sincerest good wishes, 'Till we meet again.' My health has been fairly good, except a slight indisposition in the winter,—both now only a remembrance. We shall all miss dear Underwood, his cheerful optimism and his banner. What others have passed on, I do not know, but I expect to be present at the Union Club, June 23rd, to exchange greetings with the survivors of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

THE COLLEGE CREW, 1866

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON. Born July 10, 1844.

Emerson cannot be with us Commencement. His family is well, with one more baby grandchild, Hope Emerson, now ten months old—Raymond's third daughter, who with his three boys make an interesting bunch of grandchildren.

EDWARD NICOLL FENNO. Born November 4, 1845.

He writes, from Falmouth, Mass.: "Thank you for your timely notice relative to Commencement. When a 'feller' has reached my ripe old age his days of extra pleasure are so infrequent, that it is a great boon to be given a chance to dwell on them in anticipation and to get one's self into a fit condition to thoroughly enjoy them. I certainly hope to meet a goodly number of the ancients of 1866 at the Union Club and take the usual wild ride in an automobile to Cambridge, there to partake of the frugal Class lunch, to which I shall go, hoping almost without hope, however, that a Fishhouse punch may be on hand to slake a burning thirst that I know I shall have acquired; said punch to have been brewed according to the receipt of our beloved Classmate of blessed memory, upon whose like we shall ne'er look again! I wish most keenly that I had something of interest to write you about, so that it might be worthy of being inserted in your Class report, but I doubt if anything thrilling or noteworthy happened to Methuselah in his declining years; and as I feel that I am in the Methuselah class, nothing tremendous or startling has happened to me since last Commencement Day. My last Summer was lived and enjoyed on this my much loved sand hill on the Cape and my Winter quietly in Boston, not even broken by any journey outside the precincts of the Hub. I went to a few lectures and once and only once to the theatre. I am down here now, staying for a while with my daughter until the rest of my family move for the season about June 15th."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FLAGG. Born May 2, 1845.

Flagg has not written the Secretary, but we hope to see him at Commencement. He is still living at Holliston, Mass.

*DAVID GREENE HASKINS, JUNIOR, was born in Roxbury, now a part of Boston, the 5th of March, 1845, the son of the Reverend David Greene Haskins, H. C. 1837, a clergyman

of the Episcopal Church, and of Mary Cogswell (Davies) Haskins. His ancestry was honorable in both the paternal and maternal lines, including three officers in the War of the Revolution, two on the American and one on the British side. He was fitted for College at the Roxbury Latin School, and on his entering the Freshman Class at Harvard, in 1862, his family moved to Cambridge, where he continued to live for more than fifty years. He was a good scholar in College. He stood number eight in scholarship for the four years, was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and had a part at Commencement. He shortly after entered the Harvard Law School, receiving the degree of LL.B. in 1869. In 1870 he was admitted to the bar and entered on the practice of the law in Boston, 1870. Here he kept his office for the rest of his life. He gave considerable attention to genealogy and kindred studies, was at different times Recording Secretary of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, successively Recording Secretary and Vice-President of the Prince Society, and corresponding member of the Maine Historical Society. He also took a keen interest in public affairs. He was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Reform Club, and in August, 1900, a delegate to the Liberty Congress, Indianapolis. He was a member of the Anti-Imperialist Committee of Correspondence, June to November, 1898, and one of the founders of the Anti-Imperialist League, a member of the Executive Committee of the League and the Treasurer of the New England Anti-Imperialist League. In 1899 he was one of the editors of the *Peace Crusade*. He was a faithful member of the Democratic party. As a member of the Harvard College McClellan Club he marched in the McClellan torchlight procession in November, 1864, and in 1904 he was a Democratic candidate for Congress. He was an enthusiastic member of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati and its faithful Secretary for many years.

April 30th, 1907, he was married at (Dorchester) Boston to Miss Amy Webster Field, daughter of Pearson Howard Field, and of Caroline (Stone) Field. A son was born to them January 26, 1910, David Greene Haskins, 3rd, who, at the age of one day received a certificate of membership of the Anti-Imperialist League, and later a silver porringer from classmates of his

David Greene Haskins, 3d

father, and a postal card from our classmate Hawes, with a picture of the Pyramids, mailed from Egypt, and inscribed: "From the oldest structure in the world to the youngest member of '66."

In June, 1915, he removed from Cambridge to Wayland, Massachusetts, a change which gave him much satisfaction. He wrote, "We have nearly five acres of land, splendid country air, a nice little garden, and a group of large, ancient chestnut trees. After living most of my life in Cambridge, I feel almost like a farmer. For a wholesome, comfortable life, there is nothing like a New England village, easily accessible from a city; and, for a small boy, the life is ideal."

He enjoyed greatly a two months' trip to the Mediterranean in 1922. He wrote, "It would take a volume to tell the whole story, but I will only say that we spent a night amidst the romantic scenes of the Alhambra; we sipped the old Falernian in Italy, and dreamed we were holding converse in dactyls and anapæsts with our old College friend Quintus Horatius Flaccus, and celebrating the glorious days of old, *'Consule Planco';* we stood, one glorious evening of moonlight, on the Acropolis; we saw the mosques of Constantinople, and the churches of Jerusalem; went up the Lake of Galilee to the ruins of Capernaum, and rode camels before sunrise by the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid. In September, we returned to our beloved America, and the less romantic, but more comfortable days of 'Consul Harding.'"

He had much satisfaction in his visit to Europe with his wife and boy, in the summer of 1924, in acceptance of the invitation of the English Bench and Bar and the Paris Society of Advocates. He wrote, "Nothing could have exceeded the hearty cordiality of our English hosts; everything was open to us; everything was carefully planned for our enjoyment, and for that of the accompanying wives and children. And the wonderful memories of the great reception at Buckingham Palace, of the imposing dinner at the Inner Temple, of the fascinating banquet at the gorgeous Guild Hall and of all the other great ceremonies, can never be blotted out from our minds. And best of all, the spirit of warm good fellowship, and understanding, and sympathy between the members of our profession in the two

great English-speaking countries,—a spirit typified by the presentation by the Americans to their English brethren of a statue of Sir William Blackstone,—must, it seems to me, produce lasting and helpful results in bringing the two countries still closer together. If anything could equal this wonderful hospitality, it was the splendid greeting accorded us by the Paris Bar, the magnificent receptions at the Elysée, the Chancellerie, and the gorgeous Hôtel de Ville, and the palaces of Versailles. So that I cannot help thinking that, in addition to our intense personal enjoyment, we may have contributed our own mite towards the international good understanding, and sympathy, and good will, which tend so strongly to promote peace on earth."

He was with us during all our Celebration of our Sixtieth Anniversary on Commencement Day, and died at his home at Wayland, after a short illness, September 23rd, 1926.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. Born January 23, 1845.

He writes from Hancock, N.H.: "It will be remembered that I am the only farmer in the Class, and I am sure that much sympathy must be given me by those who have seen in the papers what a suffering class I belong to. I hasten to say that a brighter day is dawning, for a just and upright country is about to soothe our woes by the grant of 250 millions. Justice is to be done at last. At the same time the number of the farmers is diminishing. I hope this good work will go on. Meanwhile we have some comforts that no dwellers in the city can enjoy. There is the egg, not the 'strictly fresh egg,' but the fresh egg, and milk which no artfully designed laws can bring to town, and cream which has to be started from the jug with an icepick; then the vegetables unspoiled by lying gasping in the sun, losing all their sweetness. My cry is, 'Back to the farm!' Able assistants are requested to apply for work before haymaking. Vitaminous home cooking. Wages to be paid from the country's dole."

THOMAS PIERPONT SHAW. Born September 27, 1843.

He writes: "I know not what to say in reply to your usual kind letter. I want to see the 'Booklet' and ought to add a word to its pages for the possible interest of those who have a similar desire. Please accept my greetings of affection for every surviving member of the Class."

SWITHIN CHANDLER SHORTLIDGE. Born June 8, 1840.

He writes: "After sending you my letter of May, 1926, I went from Wallingford to Camp Marienfeld, Silver Lake, Chesham, New Hampshire, where I remained till October 1st, 1926. July and August were most interesting months, as Camp Marienfeld was then in session with an enrollment of two hundred and fifty. Returning to Wallingford, October 1st, I have enjoyed the succeeding eight months every day without interruption in the family of my son and daughter and their four children. My eyesight has remained, during the past year, just what it was in May, 1926. I am able to get about the house just as well as I ever could, but, when outside, walking about, I feel safer when somebody is with me. Of course, I get about as well as ever in the Packard, but the scenes on the streets are very dimly seen. Fortunately, a reader and typist has been provided for me by my devoted son and daughter, and I have thus been enabled to keep up my correspondence, especially with my near relatives and some old valued friends of my youth, and also my knowledge of what is going on in the world, as this knowledge is given mainly in the newspaper summaries. I am as highly interested as ever in American politics as I have been through my whole life. My first Presidential vote was for Lincoln in 1864. Since 1864 I have consistently adhered to the National Republican Party, and my latest Presidential vote was for Calvin Coolidge in 1924, and my dearest political hope is that I may be spared to vote for President Calvin Coolidge in 1928." He approves "the decision of the President to be seen and not shaken at the daily circus of the visitors at the White House," and gives this anecdote of General Blucher's visit to London after the Battle of Waterloo. "Blucher rode in an open royal barouche through streets filled with jostling millions. On the first day all who could edge in close enough shook the great General's hand. The natural consequence was a disabled dexter equipment. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the General called in a chiropractic fabricator and had him contrive a false hand for the second day's ordeal in his glorified tours of London. So ingeniously was this false hand made to take the place of Blucher's real hand that it was shaken the second day by the Londoners while the stricken hand was resting concealed in a sling."

"I shall be leaving Wallingford for Camp Marienfeld, Chesham, New Hampshire, on June 24th, and I shall spend my summer there but I will not return to Wallingford. In September, I expect to take up my residence in the Headmaster's House, Storm King School for Boys, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, State of New York. My son, Raphael Johnson Shortlidge, has been made Headmaster of this Storm King School, and he will take up his duties on the first of the coming September. Here, at Wallingford, for several years I have enjoyed the association with the Choate schoolmasters, associated with my son Raphael, all of whom are college or university graduates. This delightful companionship has been an inspiration to me and has kept me more youthful in feeling than my eighty-seven years might indicate. The annual class booklet has been a matter of great interest to these college men and they have regarded it as quite unique among college or university publications. I want also to say that a most excellent radio set installed here at 38 Beaumont Avenue, Wallingford, our home, has helped to keep me informed as to current events, political and social. You will see that my hearing is still serving me most admirably."

MOORFIELD STOREY. Born March 19, 1845.

He writes: "When one has passed an eighty-second milestone his pace slackens, and even if no aggressive infirmities insist upon his recognizing his years, he remembers the remark of the old lady, 'I don't care for many things that I used to care for and I don't care that I don't care.' This means a quiet life and no exciting adventures save the daily hairbreadth escape from a violent death when one crosses some busy street during his morning walk. As *laudator temporis acti* one has a little chance to shine in sympathetic circles, but unhappily they grow steadily smaller.

"The last year has not enhanced my vigor.* No new thing has befallen me. I wend my usual solitary way along the pale sequestered vale of life. I try at intervals to flag the political

*The Secretary trusts that he is not breaking the laws of hospitality by revealing the fact that recently he was called upon by one of Storey's great-granddaughters to hold the watch and time her and Storey while they pranced around the lawn at Lincoln.

Storey

MT. DESERT IN 1865

Curtis Peabody Williams

train on its way to disaster but my signals are disregarded; and though my opinions are shared by many most intelligent people, nothing but disaster will rouse the public to the dangers which menace. I feel that as an active force the men of 1866 no longer count, but that should not diminish our content in the lengthening shadows.''

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON. Born November 17, 1846. He can only say that last November, after 42 years of unbroken health, he had, for six weeks, to go under the doctor's care (or, if he believed one of his friends, under the doctor's scare). However, he is still carrying on business at the old stand, though with shorter hours, as becomes an octogenarian. He is looking forward to greeting you at Commencement.

*MELVIN AUGUSTUS UNDERWOOD, the son of Orison and Hannah B. (Cheney) Underwood, was born at Milford, Mass., April 17, 1844. He wrote in his ''Life'' for the Class Book, ''My father began life as a bootmaker, and advanced from almost nothing to a business which at present is quite extensive. This he has accomplished through his own exertions, and, tho' the title is not held in its former estimation thro' the boastful assertions of our noble President, Andrew Johnson, he may truly be called a self-made man. Of his marriage with my mother was born as the youngest of eight children, the subject of the present sketch. . . . In the words of a favorite declamation of mine, 'my early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported,' tho' in truth I was rather kept away from the water by the anxiety of my parents. . . . My parents were both aware of the value of a good education, tho' they themselves received but a very partial and imperfect one, and they were anxious that their children should have the benefits of a thorough education. . . . I believe I began to go to school when about four years old, a custom that I would advise no one to take as an example, tho' I think that in my case it did no great harm. I was always naturally fond of my books and never had to be urged much to go to school, and for this fondness I am in a great measure indebted to the zeal of my parents in my behalf. I was naturally forward in my studies and early

passed thro' the different grades of private, primary, intermediate, grammar schools, and at last the High School in my native town, which I entered when about eleven years of age. . . . There is another taste that I have to thank my mother for cultivating and bringing out, and that is the fondness that I have always had for music. I attribute this fondness in a great measure to the custom my mother had of taking me in her lap every night, just before putting me to bed, while still of very tender years, and singing over with me all the old hymns that she could remember which were at all practicable for me to learn. I have ever since sung more or less all my life, such as the singing was, first a fair alto and afterwards bass; and I could always read music better than I could render it. As soon as I was old enough I was taught by my adopted sister the rudiments of playing the piano, and my natural taste and patience has had to supply the rest. When about 12 or 13 years old I took some lessons in drumming, and shortly after became a member of a brass band in my native town, as a snare drummer, a position which I held until I came to College; and I owe the good health which I have been blessed with here to the open air exercises that I got in the frequent excursions of the band to places far and near; and the only journeys of any importance that I have ever taken were taken as a drummer-boy. My only visit to New York and the Hudson, therefore, was with the band in the summer of '61. In '63 I played the organ enough to get leave to go home Sunday to play the organ in our family church. If there is any art that I am particularly fond of, it is that of music, and to it am I indebted for a large share of the enjoyment and even happiness of my life.

"The only accident of any importance that ever befell me was owing to my connection with the brass band. About 1859, while on an excursion with a fire company to the Isle of Shoals near Newburyport—which island, by the way, we never reached, owing to a variety of mishaps—as I was climbing up from a lighter on to the wharf, my hands slipped and down into the water I went between the boat and the wharf. When I came up at last my drumsticks, which I had not let go, were out of the water first, and soon after, thanks to the presence of several firemen, I was myself out. . . .

"In 1862, with only a fortnight's notice that I was to come to Harvard and with only a year's preparation for any college, with a very insufficient preparation, I was admitted at the July examination, and entered the Class of '66 with seven conditions of more or less importance. These I got entirely off the first term and received my Matriculation Paper with the rest just before the winter vacation. . . .

"I have not been much of a society man in college, yet I have had my share. I was elected, at the same time with Osgood, a member of the Harvard Glee Club, and about the same time became a member of the College Choir, both of which positions I have held thro' my course. Of the Glee Club I was elected President for the second term of Sophomore year." (No one of us, I think, will ever forget his "Hark! Hark! Now rumbles the bass," in the Waltz from the Arion Song Book.) He speaks touchingly of Osgood, "During the term I became acquainted with Mr. G. L. Osgood of Chelsea, who was a fellow-Freshman and had rooms in the next house to me, and we concluded to take a room in the college buildings together. We found No. 24 Massachusetts Hall unoccupied and took possession of it the second term of Freshman year. Since that time we have roomed together thro' thick and thin during our whole course, and of Mr. Osgood as a chum and as a gentleman I cannot speak in terms of too much praise—I cannot say enough of his invariable and never-failing kindness and generosity, his forbearance, refinement and manliness."

At graduation he was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa and had a part at Commencement. After graduation he was in business for several years at Boston, and for five years was an officer of the Shawmut Insurance Company. In 1885 he was commissioned United States Assistant Weigher and he continued in the Customs Service for more than 35 years, when he was retired with a pension.

He wrote the Secretary in 1921, "I am sorry to have to report that my deafness has very much increased, so that I am no longer able to enjoy music, or to participate in its performance, which have hitherto been my privilege and delight uninterruptedly ever since my childhood. This is a terrible loss to me, to which I find it very hard to become reconciled. On account of

my deafness, I was unable to continue singing in the Harvard Alumni Chorus, of which I had been a member since 1913. I thus severed the last tie connecting me with Harvard music, musical people and organizations, commencing with the College Choir in 1863, then the Glee Club, of which I was president, the following year, then the Alumni Chorus, and, lastly, the Musical Association—covering altogether a period of 58 years, during which I had been associated with the musical celebrities, students and graduates of Harvard, and intimately so with the noted organist, instructor and composer, the lamented John Knowles Paine, the talented singer, teacher, director and composer, our classmate and my chum, George Laurie Osgood—with both of whom I sailed for Europe on our Commencement Day."

He died after a brief illness on October 29, 1926, in his eighty-third year, at Boston, where he had lived all his life since graduation with the exception of a few years at Newton, Mass. He was devoted in his attachment to his class and constant in his attendance at all our reunions. His enthusiasm led him a few years before his death to make a wooden pole with a cross piece, to which was attached a card with '66 in red letters. This he loved to carry on all our anniversaries. Last Commencement he reluctantly yielded to the request of the Secretary and refrained from bearing it aloft in the Graduates' Procession, but pleaded with me to furnish the Class with a fine '66 flag for next Commencement.

January 15, 1880, he was married to Clara Isabella Babbitt, of Springfield, Mass., daughter of Nathan Elbridge and Hannah Guernsey Babbitt, who died before him. He left an adopted child, Marjorie T. Taylor, wife of Charles M. Taylor, of East Cleveland, Ohio.

THOMAS WREN WARD. Born October 8, 1844.

He writes: "You are not mistaken. I am coming, eager to renew the great pleasure the previous anniversaries have afforded me. You ask what has happened to me. Well, I am a great-grandfather to two little girls. It's great being a great-grandfather. Try it and see. As for myself, I am sprouting all over this Spring. Such a green old age and such blooms, between the leaves. My adventures consist in storming the libraries, The

Athenæum, The Harvard College Library, The Public Library, The Old Corner Book Store. My latest finds are *The Trumpet of Jubilee*, especially a sketchy Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe and the genesis of her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Romantic Revolution in America,' by V. L. Parrington, 'The Rebellious Puritan,' with quite a sketch of Brook Farm, 'The Rise of American Civilization,' by C. S. Beard, especially up to the end of Lincoln's administration. The perspective of the period beyond is not so good. Don't you envy me all my plums?''

LEONARD WHEELER. Born August 31, 1845.

He writes: ''Again my conscience ignobly yields in its struggle with my inertia and it requires your second notice of this morning to get an answer from me. I am all right except that my sight fails gradually, but I can still navigate in most waters and read the morning papers with a hand-glass. Also I sawed and split my cord of fire wood as usual last winter. I don't feel quite sure of meeting you at the Union Club, but still hope to do so.''

JOHN DAVIS WILLIAMS. Born May 17, 1845.

In response to the Secretary's letter to Williams, he said, ''Write anything about me you choose,'' showing, it would seem, a certain amount of confidence in the kindness and discretion of the Secretary, who will say that our Classmate is looking well and handsome, and reconciled to his uprooting from the home where he had lived for 76 years by his present cheerful, rural surroundings in Brookline. He expects to be with us on Commencement Day.

CLASSMATES NOT GRADUATED WITH US

JAMES MURRAY FORBES. Born July 17, 1845.

He writes: "I have your note and see that you are after us again. As I expect to be in Maine on Commencement Day, for my usual summer outing, it will not be possible for me to join you and the other youths, as I would so much like to do. I can only send my warmest greetings to you and them. If there were anything of interest for me to relate about myself, I would not hesitate for an instant to unfold it as you suggest. I can only say that I continue to pursue the even tenor of my way in spite of being almost as deaf as a post and surrounded with various other inflictions of old age. Was it Walt Whitman who remarked that he was 80 and had found that old age was not what it was cracked up to be?"

JOSEPH HENRY WILLARD. Born February 28, 1843.

He writes: "I grieve to write that I cannot have the privilege of admittance to your glorious company on Commencement Day. About a mile a day has been my stunt for quite a while, but I expect to increase it as the Summer comes on, so I hope by next year I shall have got into the pedestrian class.

"I give a contribution to the Class Fund, as part payment of my fine for AWOL*, and ask to be put on probation till 1928.

"With deep affection for you all, and appreciation of the honor of being admitted to your number. . . ."

*Absent without leave.

McBURNEY POINT

The Class will be interested in this telegram from Norway, Maine, which appeared in the *Boston Traveler* of September 27, 1926: "There are two McBurney Points now. Both are named after Dr. Charles McBurney, surgeon, who was born in Roxbury, Mass., and attended President McKinley when the latter was shot. One of the points is a beautiful neck of land on the Maine coast near this town. The other point is a section of man's anatomy.

"It is a question which the noted surgeon would have rather had named for him. The anatomical point is located near the location of appendicitis, and was so named because Dr. McBurney discovered that pressure at this point was a test of whether a patient had appendicitis. From a professional viewpoint the naming of this point for the doctor was a great honor. But perhaps he might have preferred the point of land to bear his name, if it was a matter of choice. For it was the beauty of the spot that appealed to him. When he used to go fishing in Maine he would point out the spot, saying: 'I love that point of land. I call it McBurney Point, and some day I hope I shall see some one build a cottage there.' Now his wish is fulfilled. For Henry A. Packard has purchased the place, and has named it 'McBurney Point.' It is expected that soon he will erect the cottage the Doctor hoped for."

From *The Advocate* of June 8, 1866.

DANCING ON THE GREEN

It is surely gratifying to a vast majority of undergraduates, that the Senior Class-Day Committee has determined to have a "caller" for the dances on the green. In the years past, the "figures" have been nothing but a farce. Representatives from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston have each "gone through" a distinct "Lancers" in the same set; and the result has been, of course, a ridiculous jumble. Committees have been asked why Mr. White, of the Germania, could not be detached for the emergency; and the reply has always been, "It is not in style"; "custom in Cambridge does not sanction calling." Now, let us consider this flimsy objection. Of the visitors on Class Day, I think one-twentieth is a large allowance for Cambridge, so small a fraction of those who will be on the green may possibly have danced the same quadrilles. Yet, even granting this, of what force is your "style" or your "custom" to the remaining nineteen-twentieths?

Of what avail is the practice, even to the few who have danced together, if some "uninitiated" are almost sure to be in the same set to disturb its expected beauty? It has been suggested that some one in each party give the figures. But who wants to be the servant of any particular set, or to lose the social pleasure of dancing, when we could employ a dozen good men in the Germania? Besides, it would be in rather bad taste for any gentleman to presume on the ignorance of our visitors (whom former committees have thought to flatter, by pretending them capable of dancing a dozen kinds of quadrilles) so much as to call for them. An objection I have heard by one who is not unfavorable to calling refutes itself. It is that the dancers will crowd around the caller.

This is enough to prove the general demand for some good voice, which all can hear, if, as is acknowledged, calling would be such an inducement to be near the stand. The truth is, one reason alone can be given for the failure to employ such a person heretofore; and that is custom.

It were a good thing if this word could be struck out of Harvard-College vocabulary. Custom protects a dozen senseless images here today, which we trust some iconoclast may erelong smash into atoms. Because the first few who danced on Class Day did not need a caller, therefore no urgent necessity now can discard a way which has accidentally and foolishly become a habit. Heaven spare our undergraduates, if they must still submit to the dictation of an unreasoning custom in the manner of dancing, so heedlessly as they have given up some other class affairs of late! Then, I forgot that it is hardly necessary to write so much for succeeding classes, since calling, when once tried, will become a permanent institution.

One word more. For the beautiful spectacle this year to be witnessed in the College Yard we thank our committee. They show themselves worthy officers in being willing to adopt in this matter the decided opinion of the Class,—"*ut tam pueri quam puellæ choras celebrant spectenturque ac spectent.*" They have given me one more home-thrust at the habit of following, *in extenso*, whatever rut preceding classes have marked out, even if it lead to so unpleasant a terminus as our professors' cow-path.

SIXTY-SIX.

From *The Advocate* of June 8, 1866.

CLASS DAY

"Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni."

The wheels of time never grow rusty. Whether they bring joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, happiness or misery, they ever continue to revolve with the same unvarying rapidity.

Swift as light, and as silent, has the present year been slipping through our fingers, until to our eyes and ears, that almost distrust their own testimony, is brought home the fact that another Class Day is almost here.

The College Yard is busily weaving a holiday suit of green befitting the great occasion, in which it bids fair to succeed,

in spite of the ravages of hungry canker-worms upon its bonnet, and the trampling of lawless students upon its dress. There is the after-supper gathering of Seniors about the steps of Holworthy; and the music of the Class Song floats out into the evening from the windows of Harvard Hall, another and perhaps the strongest reminder of the coming gala-day of parting.

To visitors, this doubtless seems the gayest day of the year at the college, and so perhaps it is to them; but to the Graduating Class itself, I have no hesitation in saying, it is one of the saddest of their lives. They stand upon the threshold of a new existence, the dividing line between the rose-colored ideal of youth and the sombre reality of manhood.

Though a new world opens wide its portals to receive them painted in rainbow hues by youth's good angel, Hope; though air-castles loom up, heaven-high, bright with all of happiness that wealth or fame or love can bestow; though friends cluster around to warmly welcome their success,—yet despite all this, the mind goes wandering back over the four happy years just numbered with the past; and the thoughts of their irrevocable pleasures and companionship will rise in the throat, and moisten the eyes, even though the lips may be forced into a smile.

Music, dancing, feasting, the bright eyes and gay laughter of the fair visitors, may throw a glamour over the scene, which shall hide from the eyes of the careless spectator the regret and pain which lie beneath.

Four years of college life; four years spent together by a band of young men in the very heyday of health and happiness, united by a bond of common aim,—cannot fail to excite such generous feelings toward each other, that the day of separation shall be a day of sadness.

No one who has not been in college can appreciate the feeling of the student toward his class. It is patriotism on a smaller scale; not weaker, but more limited. Though, separately, there may be coolness between a few of its members, yet, as a whole, it is the object of our fondest pride, and of its honor we feel that our own is part and parcel.

There are many, too, with whom we are on terms of the closest intimacy; with whom we have studied and smoked, walked and rowed, read and sung, until they have become

almost an essential part of our every-day life. But here our roads branch, North, South, East, and West.

Good-by; words ever sad when spoken by friends whom time and distance are to separate, yet never perhaps more so than on an occasion like this.

This, I know, is but one side of Class Day, and the gloomier one; but I have intentionally dwelt upon it, as the one which is commonly hidden from sight.

May the brightest of sunshine smile upon that of the noble Class of '66! and as they go forth from beneath the overshadowing elms of their Alma Mater from the walls which have so long been their home, may it be to a future which shall realize the high hopes and rich promise of the present!

B.